

A

1489. 66 50.

P O E M
O N T H E
P O M F R E T S T A T U E S .

To which is added another on

L A U R A ' s G R A V E .

By Thos. Mytton Esq.^r of Balliol College Oxon.



O X F O R D ,

Printed for DANIEL PRINCE, MDCCLVIII.

A

P O E M

ON THE

POMFRET STATURES

To which is added another on

L A U R A V E



O X F O R D

Printed for DANIEL PRINCE, MDCCCLVII.

POMFRET STATUES
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Verses on the Statues were to have been spoken in the Theatre, at *Oxford*, at the Commemoration which the Countess of POMFRET honour'd with her Presence.

ON THE

POMFRET STATUES ADVERTISEMENT

THE Verger on the Statues were to have been
spoken in the Theatre, at Oxford, at the Com-
memoration which the Councils of POMFRET Ho-

nourish with her Presence



POMFRET STATUES.

By Thomas Mytton Esq

Gentleman Commoner
of Balliol College

Oxon.

1758.

WHEN Science first, forlorn, forsaken Maid!
By tyrants frightened, from *Italia* stray'd:
Chearless and weary long she wing'd her flight
O'er the black realms of Ignorance, and Night;
'Till thro' the gloom, she sees a streaming ray
Gild the white tops of *Albion's* cliffs with day:
For Freedom, here inthron'd, with lib'ral hand,
Show'r'd down her blessings on the fav'rite land;
And from the golden crown, that grac'd her head,
A mild and genial lustre round her spread.

Here,

Here, as on hov'ring wing, she, pois'd, surveys
 The verdant fields, and azure-circling seas,
 Lo! *Oxford's* flow'ry plains attract her eyes;
 Thither, with joyful speed the Goddess flies:
 Here, wand'ring charm'd, to *Isis'* flood she came,
 And bath'd her, fainty, in the cooling stream.
 Here follow soon, the whole *Aonian* quire,
 And strike again the long-neglected lyre.
 Here Architecture taught her sons to raise
 An hundred spiry temples, to her praise.
 Here Kings, and Princes seek her aid divine,
 And pour their treasures on her ample shrine.



And see! advancing thro' the splendid train,
 Where Bounty leads her POMFRET to the fane.
 And see! — all hail! — a rev'rend marble band,
 In awful state, approach, at her command:
 Gods, to whom *Romans* oft have bent the knee;
 Statues, which, form'd while *Greece* and *Rome* were free,
 Bear down the steep of time, the Patriot's face;
 The Sage's calm, or Heroes rougher grace;
 Brows, with eternal bays, and laurels crown'd;
 Lips, whence persuasion's hony stream'd around;

Limbs

Limbs never gall'd by slav'ry's iron chain;
 Breasts, where old Honour held her constant reign.
 The sculptur'd column, and the breathing bust,
 Stand here, deliver'd from oblivion's dust.

But pause — approach, with reverential fear,
 The stone that frowns with *Tully's* face severe:
 Stern as when arm'd in Freedom's cause he shone,
 When Vice and *Catiline* assail'd her throne.
 Oppress'd with gen'rous grief, he view'd her woe;
 He view'd, and rush'd indignant on the foe.
 Her vengeful thunder Eloquence supplies;
 Guilt hears it burst appall'd, and blasted Faction dies.
 So when in ancient bard's romantic lays,
 Thro' desert wilds a palfrey'd damsel strays,
 Now flies some dragon fierce, or Painim's flame;
 Now tow'rs enchanted hold the hapless dame.
 At length, dispatch'd by Heaven, for virtue's aid,
 Some val'rous knight with fairy-temper'd blade,
 Destroys the monsters, and sets free the maid.

Here

Here oft in *Marius's* look, the eye shall trace
 Those lines majestic, and that awful grace,
 At which the fell assassin, struck with dread,
 Dropp'd from his trembling arm the sword, and fled.

But who is she? the thoughtful head reclin'd,
 And pensive mein, denote a musing mind.
 Queen of the sigh profound, and trickling cheek,
 These marks the sage *Melpomene* bespeak;
 Who oft delights, in ev'ning's dusky ray,
 In shape of some lone traveller, to stray
 Where, prone in ruin, lies imperial *Rome*;
 Or thus, beneath some temple's mould'ring dome,
 To sit: while, sad, she weeps the waste of Age,
 Sees Kings, and Heroes fall beneath his rage:
 O'er prostrate Sculpture views the tyrant stride
 Insulting all the pomp of human pride.
 Spurn'd by his foot, while prone along the ground
 Arcs, obelisks, and vases tumble 'round;
 Stretch'd in the dust, sees mighty Empire lie;
 And Grandeur glide, an empty phantom, by.

Then

Then o'er the land she sheds a silent tear,
 Once to each Science, to each Grace so dear;
 Thro' whose gay-smiling plains, in days of yore,
 In nectar'd streams, Truth pour'd her sacred lore:
 Where, nurs'd, and chear'd by Freedom's genial ray,
 Bloom'd ev'ry Art, and flourish'd ev'ry Bay:
 Where *Tiber* often, as he roll'd along,
 Has stopt, enraptur'd with the Muses song:
 There now, the tyrant's rage since Freedom fled,
 Each with'ring art reclines it's languid head:
 The Muses sooth old *Tiber*'s ear no more,
 They drop their lyres, and ravag'd seats deplore:
 Ign'rance, and Superstition haunt the shade,
 Where once the Sage, and Wisdom, musing, stray'd:
 No more the brave, or patriot thought can warm,
 Fear chills each breast, and slackens ev'ry arm.

But hence awhile, sad Goddess! nor profane
 With tear, or heaving sigh this festal scene.
 See! raptur'd *Clio* sweeps th' enliv'ning strings,
 While warring Chiefs, and Valor's praise she sings.
 Be this thy strain, when *Gallia*'s haughty lord,
 For treaties broke, shall feel th' avenging sword.

But gentler virtues now thy praises claim;
 Be *Isis*' Friend and Patroness thy theme :
 Let Bounty's praise the grateful verse prolong,
 And POMFRET's name inspire the flowing Song.

* LAURA'S GRAVE.

BENEATH yon flow'ry turf, the fairest head,
E'er slept on Earth's cold bosom, lies asleep.
O Earth! enwrap her soft: and o'er her dust
Let ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Virtue weep.

The Morn, as o'er the misty plain she treads,
Shall sprinkle on the sod her pearly tears,
And o'er her grave shall Eve delight to muse,
While airy dirges sooth her list'ning ears.

Oft

+ Miss Johnson daughter of Lady William, who died of
the Small Pox. —

Oft the blue nightly taper's studious flame
Shall weeping Fancy leave, and thro' the gloom
Steal a sad visitant to pour her plaints,
And bend her pensive head o'er LAURA's tomb.

Here shall she see, the same due rites to pay,
With silent pace, in sable weeds array'd,
Eye-streaming Sorrow, and deep-sighing Love,
With trailing torch, advance along the shade.

The Muses come, and scatter wreaths around,
Weav'd by the fingers of the infant Year.
Remembrance comes, and, hence departing loth,
Oft turns the wishful look, and drops a tear.



F I N I S.